

RITCHIE COUNTY SELLS ROAD BONDS

To a Financial Concern in Cleveland, O., at a Premium of \$18,000.

ELLENBORO, June 24.—The Ritchie county court in session this week disposed of the \$240,000 worth of road bonds recently voted by Clay district for the permanent improvement of the Northwestern turnpike and some lateral roads, to Otis and Company, of Cleveland, O., at a premium of \$18,000. The details of the transaction were looked after by C. A. Fitzgerald, of Cleveland, and should the purchasing firm's attorneys approve of the deal the bonds will be ready for delivery within two weeks and the money paid over.

Court Term Ends.

The June term of the Ritchie county court ended the term Friday, after transacting routine business. The grand jury returned the following indictments: Felonies, Creek Ankrom and Almer Frederick, charged with entering a tool house belonging to R. E. L. Frymire and stealing an injector; Elmer Holstein, shooting James T. Johnson; Misdemeanors, Elmer Holstein, assaulting J. T. Johnson; Van Tolstein, same; Guyford Moats, defacing show case; Samuel McClaskey, two indictments for violation of the Yost law; Roy Adams, two indictments, one for using intoxicating liquors in a public road and one for giving liquor to a minor.

Entertains Club.

Mrs. Joseph Gallaher Dawson pleasantly entertained the members of the Ellenboro Social Club Thursday evening. The affair was in the nature of a rose contest, the decorations following a scheme of rose in abundance. The contest was entitled "A Rose Garden," and the prize, a handsome rose bowl, was awarded to Mrs. James Wilson. At the proper hour a dainty collation was served. Those present were Messdames James Blaine Underwood, James Wilson, Emmett Addis Corbin, Carson Post, Alex Strickler, Otto Wagner, Ray Isner and the hostess.

Install Officers.

Odell S. Long, chapter No. 25, Royal Arch Masons, installed the following officers Tuesday night: High priest, C. W. Wilcox; king, J. A. Woodruff; scribe, E. C. Bee; captain of host, B. F. McGinnis; principal sejourner, J. P. Drey; royal arch captain, James Hickman, Jr.; treasurer, Hugh J. Scott; secretary, Will A. Strickler; master third veil, Jack Wilson; master second veil, T. L. Shaffer; master first veil, C. C. Weeley; Tyler, S. P. Heckert.

Henton-Bobblitt.

Miss Alta Henton, of Buckhannon, and William Chilton Bobblitt, of Cowen, were married at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage in Cowen a few days ago. The bride is a niece of W. R. Henton, of the Ritchie Gazette force, and a former resident of Ritchie county.

Mrs. Mann Dead.

A sad death of a young woman well known in this and adjoining counties occurred at Charleston, when Mrs. Minnie Davis Mann, wife of John L. Mann, a former resident of Harrisville, passed to her reward Wednesday of last week. Mrs. Mann was a daughter of the late C. C. Davis, formerly connected with the South Penn Oil Company and a former resident of Doddridge county. Superintendent John H. Mann, of the Imperial Oil and Gas Products Company, who has his headquarters at Harrisville, was a stepson of the deceased woman.

Starting Tests.

The Imperial Oil and Gas Products Company is starting another test for oil on the M. K. Duty farm near Hanhahdale.

Personals.

W. A. Steer, manager of the Consolidated Telephone Company, who is located at Parkersburg, has been a business visitor in this county this week.

Mrs. Sherman Robinson, a Woman's Christian Temperance Union speaker, has returned from a successful campaign in Virginia.

Goff D. Ramsey, of Thomas, has been in Ritchie county this week and contemplates returning to this section to make his home.

Tom G. Strickler, who resides at Pennsboro during the school year, is preparing to move back to Ellenboro for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Bennett, of Parsons, who visited the family of Dr. John Stoops, have returned to their home.

Harry L. Lambert, the Lambertson promoter, returned Thursday evening from a business trip in the East.

Cecil Price, of Denver, Colo., is visiting E. E. Wells and family at Pennsboro.

The Rev. and Mrs. Lawrence Doak, of New Martinsville, are visiting relatives in Ritchie county.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Mallory and two children, of Waterford, Pa., are visiting Mrs. Mallory's mother, Mrs. Adeline J. Jones, of Main street.

Mrs. Joseph G. Dawson and children have returned from a pleasant visit at Parkersburg, where they were guests of Mrs. Louise Dawson, of Nineteenth street.

John W. Stewart, one of Parkersburg's prominent oil producers, was a business visitor in town this week.

Mrs. L. P. Jones, of Pennsboro, is spending a month in Baltimore, visiting relatives.

Harry Broadwater, of Pennsboro, has returned from a business visit at Meredithville, Va.

TOTAL PRIZE MONEY.

LONDON, June 24.—The total amount of prize money under the supreme court prize deposit account has thus far totalled nearly four and one-half million pounds.

YOUNG MEN, EAGER FOR SERVICE BELOW BORDER, CROWD RECRUITING STATIONS, WHILE NATIONAL GUARDSMEN PREPARE

These pictures, which were taken at Youngstown, Ohio, this week, might have been taken in any one of a hundred cities throughout the country. Everywhere is seen the great activity in national guard circles. Young men, eager for service below the border, are crowding the guard recruiting stations, while the present members of the guard are busy inspecting arms and making all preparations for active service at or below the border.



Young men enlisting for service at border: national guardsmen inspecting arms.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS AS HIS FRIENDS KNEW HIM

Life Story of the Famous Author is Told by an Intimate Friend.

BY JOHN N. WHEELER

In the New York Sun.

This story of Richard Harding Davis was written a year ago. There is little to add now and little to change, except the tense, for Davis is dead. He read and approved this article before it was printed. The creator of "Soldiers of Fortune," the author of "The Cavalryman," lived the last year as he had the rest of his life, clean and hard, and he died, as so many of his heroes in which he delighted, with his boots on. He was dictating a telegram over the telephone to the mayor of New York city on preparedness, had just finished when the bugler sounded taps for Richard Harding Davis.

I had seen much of Davis in the last years of his life, and his death was a loss to his friends and to the world, but especially to his friends, for he was a good one. There was some consolation in it. Said one friend to me on the afternoon of the day news of his death reached us:

"Well, he didn't miss much. He lived and got all there was out of life. And he died as he wanted to die, in the only manner Davis could die."

Let that be his epitaph—he lived. Here is a story told of him living—the only way Richard Harding Davis himself would want it told.

In most any profession when one member of it, through ability, hard work and superior skill, sticks his head above the ranks of the regular, every mediocre performer is waiting for a pot shot at his head. This I have discovered to be true, among lawyers, physicians and artists, but the condition is particularly aggravated among newspaper men, actors and authors. Success in any line breeds jealousy and the best among us is poor at concealing it, no matter how skillful we may believe ourselves to be.

Richard Harding Davis attained his success while he was still extremely youthful and was recognized as one of the foremost writers of the country at an age when young men are only putting the finishing touches on their college education. "Soldiers of Fortune" and "The Cavalryman" came when Mr. Davis was about 25 years of age, and they made him over night.

Davis had done little work as a war correspondent in recent years until the United States sailed into Vera Cruz in the spring of 1914. There were many who said Mr. Davis would not "come back" when he started for the pseudo war, many who in fact secretly wished it, but Mr. Davis turned out the goods from Mexico and delivered out more and better goods than any of the other numerous correspondents so copiously scattered over both places.

Richard Harding Davis went to Vera Cruz for a newspaper syndicate and after the first sharp engagement in the Mexican seaport there was nothing for the correspondent to do but kill time on that barren, low lying strip of the Gulf coast, hemmed in on all sides by Mexicans and the sea, and time is hard to kill there. Yet, there was a story to be got, but it required nerve to go after it.

In Mexico City was General Huerta, the dictator of Mexico. If a newspaper could get an interview with him it would be a "coop," but the work was inclined to be dangerous for the interviewer, since Americans

were being murdered rather profusely in Mexico at the time in spite of the astute assurances of Mr. Bryan, and no matter how substantial his references the correspondent was likely to meet some temperamental and touchy soldier with a loaded rifle, who would shoot first and afterwards carry his papers to some one who could read them.

One of the newspapers taking the stories by Mr. Davis from the syndicate had a staff man at Vera Cruz as well, and thought to "coop" the country by sending this representative to see Huerta. In this "heating" even the other subscribers to the Davis service. An interview in Mexico City was consequently arranged and the staff man was cabled and asked to make the trip. He promptly cabled his refusal, "the young man preferring to take no such chances. It was then suggested that Mr. Davis should attempt it. By pulling some wires at Washington, it was arranged, through the Brazilian and English ambassadors at the Mexican capital, for Mr. Davis to interview President Huerta, with safe conduct (this being about as safe as non-skid tires) to Mexico City. Mr. Davis was asked if he would make the trip. In less than two hours back came this laconic cable:

"Leaving Mexico City tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock."

That was Richard Harding Davis. He was always willing to go, to take any chance, to endure discomfort and all if he had a fighting opportunity to get the news. The public now knows that Davis was arrested on this trip, that Huerta refused to make good on the interview, and that it was only through the good efforts of the British ambassador at the Mexican capital he was released. But Davis went.

There was an echo of this journey to the Mexican capital several months later after the conflict in Europe had been raging for a few weeks. Lord Kitchener announced at one stage of the proceedings he would permit a single correspondent, selected and endorsed by the United States government, to accompany the British army to the front. Of course, all the swarms of American correspondents in London at the time were eager for the desirable endorsement. Mr. Davis cabled back the conditions of his acceptance. Immediately Secretary of State Bryan was called in Washington on the long distance telephone.

"Lord Kitchener has announced," the secretary of state was told, "that he will accept one correspondent with the British troops in the field, if he is endorsed by the United States government. Richard Harding Davis, who is in London, represents a string of the strongest newspapers in the United States for this syndicate, and we desire the endorsement of the state department so he can obtain this appointment."

"Mr. Davis made us some trouble when he was in Mexico," answered Mr. Bryan. He proceeded to tell Mr. Bryan capital without our consent and I will have to consider the matter very carefully before endorsing him. His Mexican escapade caused us some diplomatic efforts and embarrassment. (What the secretary of state did to bring about Mr. Davis's release on the occasion of his Mexican arrest is still a secret of the department.)

Mr. Bryan did not endorse Mr. Davis finally, which was well, since Kitchener of Khartoum kept the selected list of correspondents loafing about London on one pretext or another so long they all became distrustful and went without an official

pass from "K. of K." As soon as Mr. Davis was told he would not be appointed he proceeded to Belgium and returned some of the most thrilling stories written on this conflict at great personal risk.

With a certain New York newspaper Mr. Davis once, several years ago, had some dispute, and the feeling between the two had never since then been of the best. However, I was talking to the managing editor of this paper recently and we drifted to the subject of Davis. He does not like Mr. Davis and freely admits it.

"There is one thing about Davis none can deny. He will never quit on a job because it is dangerous. He went to places with Stephen Crane during the Cuban revolution and later during the Spanish-American war that the other war correspondents would not venture. I'll say this for him, even though I don't like him."

The first time I ever met Mr. Davis was at his place in Mount Kisco, where he had a farm and boasted that from his porch he house was visible on the skyline. It was a rainy afternoon, and with an editor and a literary agent, very astute, not to say eagle, as are all literary agents I have known except one of the female gender who does not need to be, we had driven from New York to discuss the proposed trip of Mr. Davis to Mexico to cover the revolution. The irritation between the United States and Mexico and the demand for a salute had not then developed.

After that first meeting I spent a great deal of time with Mr. Davis, and I always found him to be the same, not at all concerned over the little things as far as he himself was concerned in them, but vastly concerned for others. One of his hobbies as the "K. of K." move agent, because he was a great believer in clean living and athletics for boys. He appreciated the value to this country of sturdy manhood, and he was first, last and always a citizen of the United States.

I was visiting Mr. Davis at his Mount Kisco farm one Sunday last summer when the boy scouts were camping on the place. It was all theirs, and Mr. Davis deserted his house and guests, that many "Up and Onward" clubs would have lionized if they could have baited them to their weekly meetings because of their literary standing, in order to preach the gospel of outdoors to these boys who needed such preaching. He was in their camp and eating at their tables, though his own dinner awaited him in his home. He was one of them and he sent a great many boys back happy at the end of the two weeks.

All over the Davis farm are signs forbidding trespassing, because Mr. Davis used to explain, the construction of the new Catskill aqueduct in the neighborhood, depends upon cosmopolitan labor, makes many undesirable residents frequent the vicinity. He was roaming about the place one Sunday when a couple of young people were found within "no trespassing" fences. They did not recognize him.

"Do you suppose," asked the girl, "that Mr. Davis would mind if we picked some flowers?"

"I don't believe he would," answered the writer.

"You work for him, don't you?" questioned the girl. "I don't see why he has to put those 'no trespassing' signs on his old place. I don't think it's so swell, anyway."

"Yes, I work very hard for him," replied Mr. Davis, "and don't you say any attention to those signs. He

hasn't any business to put them up." The two went on placidly picking wild flowers, unaware that they had been talking to the owner himself. In his last year Mr. Davis proved himself to be as good as ever at his writing, both in articles and fiction. It was doubtless because he retained all the freshness of youth in his point of view as well as his physical condition. He was deeply interested in the smallest trifle, and he had the camera eye of the born observer. His power of description was not surpassed, in my estimation. During the present war he wrote a story which was a classic, a story of the "Gray Ghost" army that came into Brussels, and, with the passing of two scout bicycle riders which preceded it, Davis made you feel as if everything human ended. The rest was a miraculous machine that moved on endlessly. Nobody knew the Germans were wearing these gray-green uniforms until Mr. Davis discovered it all, and then he told the world of it in short, crisp sentences that crackled, and everybody knew about it.

Unlike some of the modern writers who find they can increase their output by using the trusty typewriter, Mr. Davis always wrote everything by hand on squares of yellow paper in wretched cursive, the manuscript usually being amazingly interlined. And he would not turn in a story until he was satisfied with it himself. He would rewrite and rewrite parts of it, so that the room where he worked was littered with scraps of paper that failed to please him, until it looked as if a sunflower had been moulting there. One of his big assets was his supreme patience in constructing and polishing a story.

He also hated to agree to produce a story on a certain date, because he did not like to write unless he felt he had a real story to tell, and then he worked on endlessly, forgetting time and place and engagements. He was in no way like another author with whom I am acquainted.

"I don't believe in the folioes of the genius," this man said. "I see these writers hang around for three or four days waiting for an inspiration. I have always believed that if a man just sits down in front of a typewriter long enough, he is bound to get mad after a while and produce something. It may not be a full-sized masterpiece the first heat, but it is something."

This writer is very successful if you care to measure success by quantity.

Mr. Davis came from literary stock so his trade was the natural one for him to follow. He first worked on the Philadelphia Ledger, and then the Press, when he had hardly attained a voting age. It was while on the Philadelphia Press he found Gallagher, the wise office boy, whose sapience permitted him to express opinions on current events in a manner which held Mr. Davis's readers.

Philadelphia did not fit Mr. Davis very long. He outgrew it. He soon was a member of the staff of the New York Evening Sun, and it was while employed on this newspaper that he brought Courtland Van Bibber to a position of real prominence. By the time he was 23 he was far from being an unrecognized writer. Everything he produced seemed to be written for the very joy of it. When he was 25 he had fully arrived.

Davis was always extremely clean of both mind and body. He never appeared on the street that he did not look like an advertisement for a safety razor, and you always felt he was fit and ready to meet all sorts in the world, with his hat cocked just a little to one side and at least a figurative flower in his buttonhole. He was favored by fortune since youth. He had never been stranded in a strange country without funds. He had never been forced to starve in a garret with the monotony of the day broken only by the postman's whistle, returning rejected manuscripts. Richard Harding Davis was a success from the start.

Davis lived with a capital "I," seeing both the amusing and the pathetic in life all the way, and he made it a point to stick close to the inside rail of human emotions. He did the unusual for his own amusement. He never lost his capacity for enjoyment. He was always a boy at heart.

Less than six weeks before this article was written he burst into our office with a commission for James Driscoll, the capable office boy of the syndicate.

"Jimmy," exclaimed Davis, without any explanation, "do you want to be a detective?"

Mr. Driscoll, who had recently put on long trousers and therefore deserved the dignity of the title thought he would. He nodded his head in assent, for he was still bashful and not yet fully accustomed to rubbing up against fame, although he secretly rated Mr. Davis below Christy Mathewson, who was also a frequent visitor to the office. It was always impossible to get any work from Mr. Driscoll when Matty was around.

"If you want to be a detective," continued Mr. Davis, "go around to the New York Herald office and ask if there is any mail for Henry Wagner. Then walk around the block and see if anyone follows you."

"What's the game?" I asked Mr. Davis after Jimmy had started on his mission.

"I put an advertisement in the Herald, which I thought might catch some German spies," he explained. "I said in it that a non-commissioned officer of the United States army, retired, of German-American parents, has some plans and patents of a confidential nature for sale. I gave the name of Henry Wagner. If I receive a reply and can arrange for a meeting, I will get General Woods, who is a friend of mine, to give me some phony plans of fortifications. I will try to sell them. If I do it will be a great story of German spies in America for you. Maybe the bait won't be right, but if I catch anything it certainly will make a fine yarn."

However, Detective Jimmy returned shortly with the news that there was no mail for Henry Wagner and that he could not discover anyone shadowing him after he left the Herald office.

"I didn't want to ask for it myself," explained Davis, for fear the window might be watched for some one seeking mail under that name. Maybe my bait wasn't right for hook-

ing them. I'm sure they are here just the same. Well, thanks for being a detective, Jimmy."

Mr. Davis never did receive the sort of answer to his advertisement which would lead to anything, although he had two or three nibbles. But the incident goes to show the freshness of his point of view and the spontaneity of his feeling.

But no envious newspaper reporter or author should believe Mr. Davis got his results without effort. Once, when he was on the old Philadelphia Press, he read Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Lodging for the Night," and wrote the distinguished author a letter. He received a reply, in which Stevenson warned Davis he must be careful not to fall heir to the hasty methods of journalism. Here is the answer Stevenson sent, Davis having carefully preserved it:

"Why, thank you so much for your frank, agreeable and natural letter. It is certainly very pleasant that all you young fellows should enjoy my work and get some good out of it and it was very kind in you to write and tell me so. The tale of the suicide is excellently droll; and your letter, you may be sure, will be preserved. If you are to escape unhurt out of your present business you must be very careful and you must find in your heart much constancy. The swiftly done work of the journalist and the cheap finish and ready made methods to which it leads you must try to counteract in private by writing with the most considerate slowness, and on the most ambitious models. And, when I say 'writing'—O, believe me, it is rewriting that I have chiefly in mind. If you will do this I hope to hear of you some day."

"Please excuse this sermon from 'Your Obligated,'

"Robert Louis Stevenson."

"I have tried to follow that advice," declared Davis to me. "No matter how far he travelled, no matter where he was, Davis never forgot he was an American. A certain American writer got in a dispute with a United States consul, located in a South African city while making a trip up the coast with him. The cause of the dispute was a beautiful girl on the steamer, who 'fell for the author,' and for whom the consul was 'making a play.' So irritated did the consul become over the failure of his cause with the lady that he had the writer arrested in a fever port, at which the steamer touched, and thrown into jail. The charge was a fictitious one, but the danger of fever was very real, especially in that filthy jail. The consul proceeded on up the coast, leaving the writer to his fate and the fever."

Davis happened along and heard of the American in the dirty jail on the fever coast. He stopped in his journey long enough to miss the steamer on which he was travelling, but to bring relief to the writer in the fever jail. He gave the fellow writer money enough to carry him back to the United States, since the jailers, like most in their trade, had been careful about leaving him broke. And then Richard Harding Davis went on his blithesome way. He adjusted the case of the false arrest of the writer through the state department later and furnished testimony which resulted in the removal of the offending official with his fondness for pretty women and his lack of attention to affairs of state. An American in trouble could always depend upon Davis.

Some of the best stories written by the hero of this sketch have been founded on fact. His great story, "The Derelict," was based on a newspaper incident which happened in the Far East. He lived in part many of the adventures through which his readers follow his characters.

Davis never tried to solve the subtleties of women in his writings, perhaps because he was a big man in life, health, straight, clean, soldierly looking, who never dodged issues when they came up. He was so solidly looking that the Germans wanted to shoot him as an English spy recently. He was always in condition, fit to go on any campaign and stood all hardships with the toughest. He was fond of prizefights and baseball. He was called to the telephone one day while at lunch.

"I'll bet," he said, as he excused himself from the table, "it was Jack Barrymore wanting me to go to the fight tonight."

"I was right," he declared when he returned, "and you bet I'm going."

Right then Davis was sure the prospective fight would be the best he had ever seen. He always found something new to enjoy and amuse him. In his younger days, he went to "cover" a fight for his paper. The mayor attended this exhibition and his honor's collar had worked loose from the back button. In the excitement attendant on the battle it moved up and down his neck as loose as ashes. Davis based his story on the mannerisms of the mayor's collar and reported the fight from the point of view of the collar. When things were dull in the ring the collar was calm. When it moved up and down, like the walking beam on a Hudson river steamer, the fighters were "mixing it." Everybody in Philadelphia was talking of the story and the collar the next day.

Whenever a shot had been fired in war in the last twenty years, Davis had been there. He liked the game.

In this, he was directly opposed to tastes to his distinguished contemporary, Booth Tarkington, whom I endeavored to induce to go to Mexico when war threatened there last spring. Mr. Tarkington declined very emphatically, saying he preferred to get his excitement playing checkers at the local fire engine house, and he hoped to be in Kennebunkport, Me., instead of Vera Cruz when the battle began.

"I have been shot at," wrote Mr. Tarkington, "but never with my consent."

What Davis marvelled at was the attitude of the ordinary reader of a newspaper toward a war correspondent. "When a correspondent is arrested," he used to say, "the average newspaper writer will say 'good,' but if his baker is arrested, so that he can't deliver rolls, and the reader has no rolls for breakfast, he is put out. A war correspondent goes to get news for the morning paper. If the subscriber has not his news because the man who is trying to get it arrested, he should not rejoice any more than

ITALY'S KING AT FRONT A WHOLE YEAR

Has Returned to Rome but Few Times since His Country Entered the War.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ITALIAN ARMY, June 24.—(Correspondence of The Associated Press)—King Victor Emmanuel has now been at the front with his soldiers for a whole year. He left the Quirinal a few hours after midnight, on May 25, a year ago, when war was declared, and he has returned to Rome but two or three times since that date—and then only on important state or military business. On the front the king is the most familiar figure, and the man most loved by the soldiers, not only because he is king, but because of his personality.

Man of Family. It is common information that at home King Victor is a man of family, living with his children and the queen in only a small part of the immense royal palace. Before the war, he lived more like a middle-class Frenchman of family, playing with his children for many hours at a time, loathing pomp and show, using his non-political hours for reading and study, or for his hobby of collecting old coins. When he received either politicians or ordinary friends, it was in the easy manner of the man who likes men and their company. In such intercourse, it was his custom to refer to his four children by their first names and not infrequently use the phrase: "My wife was telling me the other day."

At the front the king has shown a new side to his character. Here he has developed a love for the firing line that is at once the admiration of his soldiers and the torture of the commanding officers and in particular of his faithful aide, General Ugo Brusati, who has been the companion of the king since the latter was Prince of Naples. "Should it ever so happen that the king disappeared from his quarters without telling anybody where he was going, it is pretty certain the first place we should look would be up near the front lines," said an officer.

The fearlessness of the king was noted by a group of Italian journalists one day in the following manner, as related by Dr. Giovanni Miceli, a newspaper man who has himself engaged as a volunteer officer in several of Italy's wars: "An action was going on at a certain part of the front which several of us wanted to see. When we got within rifle range of the action, we were forbidden to go further. As we were harassed by the roadside protesting heatedly that it was our business if we got killed, the king whizzed by in his car and went right on into the firing zone that was considered too dangerous for us."

At times it is the king's invariable rule to invite whatever group of soldiers or officers he meets to eat with him and during the meal he does not stand on his rank but speaks with them of matters that interest them, asks news of their families, of their homes. On the other hand, he is apt to speak of his own family and personal matters in the same easy fashion, as if his personal affairs were public property. It is hundreds of such meetings that go to make the soldiers feel that their king is one of them. Because of his custom of always carrying numerous boxes of cigars and cigarettes and pipe tobacco in his automobile, there is a lot of unsmoked tobacco scattered throughout Italy today, tobacco that will dry to dust before it is smoked. While the king makes presents of this tobacco to the soldiers and under officers, and insists that they smoke it, they keep it as a souvenir and send it home to be framed and hung up as a family treasure.

Does Not Pose. Although the constitutional head of the army, with right to make war and conclude peace, the king does not pose as a great soldier or military genius. He is Italy's first king who has not interfered in military matters. He leaves that work absolutely to General Cadorna and his staff. It is freely claimed that he has a rather wide understanding of military matters and has studied them closely, but for all this he does not attempt to impose his opinions or his will.

That the king is able to stick to the front, enduring the trying life, and the physical hardships of mountain work, is due to his strong physique. As a boy he was weakening, but partly because of his own determination to become strong, partly because of his Spartan training given him by his tutor, Colonel Oslo, he has built up a body that can climb mountains with the professional Alpinists. Colonel Oslo was a man of the old school and when the young prince was turned over to him, he set in to give him a terrific training. It was either kill or cure. He had the little prince up at 5 o'clock in the morning, winter and summer, taking baths and exercises of the most rigorous kind.

he does when his rolls don't come and he is without any. The joke is on him and not the correspondent, for he is the loser."

In this sketch I have endeavored to draw a picture of Richard Harding Davis, the man, more than the writer. Some insinuate he was a snob, perhaps because of a hinted cockiness in his walk, the slightly tilted hat, the, at least, figurative flower in his buttonhole and his air of being able to take care of himself. But these critics seldom have their names on magazine cover, practically never, perhaps the reason being they are "knockers." Little attempt has been made to analyze the writings of Mr. Davis. They are too well known, too wholesome, too right out from the shoulder to require this. They only show Davis for what he was, the man's sized man, which he has been every since the start, which he was when he died.